

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

VOLUME X.—NUMBER 511.

STANFORD, KY., TUESDAY, JANUARY 3, 1882.

NEW SERIES—NUMBER 5.

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

W. P. WALTON, — Editor and Proprietor
T. R. WALTON, — Business Manager.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$2.50 PER ANNUM,
INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

OUR NEW YEAR'S TAFFY,

Given by the State Press.

The INTERIOR JOURNAL at Stanford is now published as a Semi-Weekly. This is characteristic of the enterprise of its proprietor, and we are glad to note such a marked evidence of the paper's prosperity. — [Georgetown Times.]

New Year Resolutions.
In theory, the first day of the new year is a mount of vision whence the traveler on life's journey, looking backward over the way that he has passed and, seeing the places where he stumbled, or went astray, is enabled to go forward, freshly fortified against the pitfalls and temptations of the future. In practice, the "mount of vision" aspect of the day is confined almost exclusively to the business community. The way that is scanned is found in the ledger and the balance sheet; and the places of stumbling and going astray are the charges to profit and loss when bad debts were made, or confidence was misplaced. There is a good deal, no doubt, of sentimental self-examination, and equally sentimental resolving to do better, either in respect to smoking, or graver sins; but the persons who really profit much by self examination and resolutions for reform are not the ones who wait for New Year's Day.

The man or woman who really finds the past a failure, and honestly resolves to begin again, will succeed just as well if the start is made on any other day of the three hundred and sixty-five. The chances are, indeed, for better success. The New Year resolution, through frequent fracture, has come into disrepute, and there is a wide-spread belief that it is made to be broken. He, therefore, who makes one and keeps it, disappoints his friends and the general expectation, which is an unpleasant thing to do. The resolution-maker who selects some other day avoids this unpleasantness.

Still, there is something in the traditions of the day which marks it, above its three hundred and sixty-four brethren, as a day of beginnings, of new hopes and new purposes. If it were not for the things which never happen this year, but are always going to happen next—the houses we are to build, the fortunes we are to make, the journeys we are to take, the improved health we are to have—life would be a dreary business. And as there is to be a "next" year, which must, in some way, be divided from this, the first of January answers an excellent purpose, and well deserves the recognition we accord it of social gathering and glad, hopeful greeting. "The thought of our past years in me doth breed perpetual benediction," sang the poet Wordsworth; but with each recurrence of the day we celebrate, we learn that the thought of coming years breeds also a benediction—the benediction of hope. — [Detroit Free Press.]

NOT SWEARING.—A real pretty, precise and polite young girl went to the dentist's, and having a difficult case, had to put the rubber-dam in her mouth, as is usual. The girl stood it like a little man, and whimpers, but when she had the teeth all fixed, and came out, she was overheard to remark to her best friends as she held her head in her hands, that she never swore except when she was on the witness stand, but really thought that thing would rubber-dam head off. The dentist had his head out of the widow up stairs, and the shock threw his store teeth against the roof of his mouth with such force that the shingles were knocked off in several places. — [Stenberville Herald.]

It has been estimated, says an exchange, that the railroad system of the entire world embraces 105,000 locomotives, representing 30,000,000 horse-power. The steam-engines—stationary, in vessels, and others—are estimated at 45,000,000 horse-power. If we admit that the nominal steam horse-power corresponds to the effective labor of three draught horses, and that the draught horse produces the labor of seven men, we shall find that the steam engine actually represents the labor of a thousand million of men.

GENERAL DEBILITY CURED.—Chesterfield, Kent County, Md., Jan. 31, 1881.—Feeling broken down and generally debilitated, I was induced by our druggist to try a bottle of Brown's Iron Bitters. From the third dose, I began to feel the good effects of your medicine, and I really think it did me more good than any medicine I ever took. B. D. Quimby.

For Colds, Coughs, Bronchitis and all affections of the Lungs, take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

He Used to be a Boy Himself.

The other day a show came to Little Rock and was shamefully imposed upon by Uncle Sam. While standing near the tent he saw a crowd of low-spirited boys grieving on account of financial depression.

"Does yer youngsters wanter go to der show?" he asked.

The boys responded in noisy chorus. "Well, come on, den. I used to be a chile myself, an' unlike de mo' of men, I hain't forgot it. Count dese boys," he added, addressing the doorkeeper. The man began counting, and by the time the boys had passed in Isom was walking around, talking to acquaintances from the plantations.

"Here," said the showman, "give me twenty tickets."

"What for? Does you think me a lottery agent?"

"You passed in twenty boy, and I want the tickets or the money."

"I doan owe yer no tickets, and I doan owe yer no money. I didn't tell yer ter pass de boys in. I said count 'em. I've always heard that showmen is good on rhythmic, an' I wanted ter satisfy myself. Yer say dat dar was twenty boys. I don't spake yer word, case I ain't no mathematician. Spoon I take a lot ob boys ter de cashier ob nuk nuk' ax him ter count 'em, does dat signify dat the cashier is gwine ter pass 'em into de money room? No, sah. Go back to yer tent; I sees a crowd goin' in."

The showman, remembering that he had left the entrance unguarded, turned and Isom walked away. — [Little Rock Gazette.]

The following took place at a camp-meeting recently conducted by S. P. Richards, presiding elder of the Augusta district this year: "Uncle Simon Peter," as he is generally called, went up into the stand on Sunday morning to preach. As is customary at camp-meetings he found a great many of the young men sitting among the ladies. He told them they must all move over on the men's side, which they did. That evening Rev. Sam Jones was to preach, and "Uncle Simon Peter" was up in the pulpit with him. Just as Mr. Jones got up to commence preaching, "Uncle Simon Peter" looked over the audience and spied a young man sitting with a young lady. He immediately jerked Mr. Jones by the coat tail and motioned him to sit down. Rising up he said: "Young ladies, if any of you have a spare dress, please put it on that young man over there among those young ladies, with his hair parted in the middle, he wants to be a girl so bad." — [Washington (Ga.) Gazette.]

New York has no disposition to boast of her supremacy as the commercial metropolis of the country, but a little pride is certainly justified by the showing that of the \$198,159,676 receipts from customs collected by the Government last fiscal year \$138,908,562 were collected at this port, leaving but \$59,231,113 to be collected at all other ports combined. The figures boast enough of themselves.

For the benefit of newspapers having large lists of subscribers, we will state that "the new postal law now makes the taking of a newspaper and the refusal to pay for the same, theft, and any person guilty of such an action is liable to criminal proceedings, the same as if he had stolen goods to the amount of subscription." A New York paper has already commenced suit against several subscribers for such an offense. — [State Journal.]

The babble of an infant is more and less than speech; it is not measure and yet it is a song; not syllables and yet a language; a murmur that began in heaven and will not finish on earth; it commenced before human birth, and will continue in the sphere beyond? These lispings are the echo of. These beautiful thoughts end with a reference to Joules' Teething Syrup, which we omit. — [Texas Citizen.]

FORESHADOWING.—Taken as a whole, the House is organized in the interest of great corporations, of bare-faced jobbery, and of unlimited extravagance. Star Routs, railroad schemers, mining speculators, syndicates, land grabbers, Indian jobbers and other like characters will control legislation in the House. — [N. Y. Sun.]

Bishop Elder has issued a circular against round dancing, but the man with a hornet in his trouser leg will be allowed to dance round. — [C. J. J.]

Topnoody.

"This, my dear," said Topnoody, coming into the house last night, "is Christmas week, and I have been thinking, sweet wife, what I should give you for Christmas, and what you would give your dear Hubby."

"Dear Hubby, nothia," replied Mrs. Topnoody, looking badly disengaged in her wearing apparel, and her hair like the rats had slept in it, "dear Hubby, indeed!"

"Why, my dear darling, don't you want anything, and won't you give me something?"

"Yes."

"Well, what is it, deary?"

"I want you to give us a rest on calling me 'dear' and 'darling' and 'sweet wife,' and such slush, or I'll give you a piece of my mind as big as a ten acre lot. How does that strike you for a Christmas present?"

"It don't cost me much," replied the good man, "but you've given me so many pieces of your mind, my darling dear, that I should think you wouldn't have any left," and Topnoody put the door between himself and Mrs. Topnoody and hurried off down town, not to return until his sweet wife was in bed sound asleep. — [Steubenville Herald.]

Flipping the penny: He was asking the conductor how he managed to build a house and buy a fast horse out of his fifty dollars a month. "You see," said this noble man, "sometimes we get a way passenger who pays a quarter or half dollar for his fare. Well, we flip the money up—heads for the conductor, tails for the company." "But," persisted the investigator after truth, "sometimes it must turn up tails. What do you then?" "Oh," replied the conductor, with an ineffable contempt, "then we flip it up again." So that passenger went home again. — [Boston Transcript.]

Another Ohio Wedding.—A young man named Calvis Hale, who

has for several months been staying at a hotel in Mattoon, Ill., was suddenly confronted yesterday evening by a young woman named Miss Mary Cusick, of Galion, Ohio, accompanied by an officer who read a State's warrant to him. The nuptials took place immediately in the parlors of the hotel, and the couple left on the first train for Galion.

A USEFUL LIFE.—Sometimes,

remarked Fogg, removing his cigar and Mrs. Topnoody, looking badly disengaged in her wearing apparel, and her hair like the rats had slept in it, "I wish I had never been born, or that I had died in childhood." He puffed away for a moment or two, and then added, with something like his customary cheerfulness: "Well, well, I have not altogether lived in vain; I have made a fairly good husband for Mrs. F., a woman who never could have got anybody else to marry her." — [Boston Transcript.]

MEXICAN GIRLS' ADORNMENTS.—I

saw something the other night that I shall not soon forget—a bevy of young girls wearing fireflies in their hair. As they moved about in the dimly lighted corridor playing some girlhood game, I know not what, their living jewels flashed and gleamed and glowed as never diamonds did. — [San Francisco Chronicle.]

Forbidden ground: He had been introduced to a girl from Boston, and together they pawed aimlessly through a broken-backed album. "And shall you hang up your stocking?" he inquired, as they talked of Christmas. "Sir!" exclaimed the Boston girl, drawing herself up proudly and fixing her quivering glasses firmly on her nose, "let me never hear you speak to me again." And she swept grandly out of the room, while the young man went and laid his astonished head against the frosty window pane. — [Rockland Courier.]

Postmaster General Jones says that official life has been disappointing to him, but philosophically adds: "I suppose that every boy has an ambition when he starts out in life. I began as a printer, and, without any idea of achieving so much fame, I hoped to emulate Franklin. He was Postmaster General of the United States, and inasmuch as I reached the same position from a similar beginning I suppose I ought to be satisfied."

A breach of promise case in Illinois

will present a novel question for legal decision. The plaintiff was a good-looking girl when the engagement was made. Two years of courtship passed. Then smallpox disfigured her face, and the defendant declined to marry her. He claims that in view of her deterioration in personal appearance since he made the promise, he is not, in law or honor, bound to keep it.

Richmond has an abundant supply

of churches. There are eleven—white and colored—or one to every 272 persons. Should there be preaching at all these churches on any Sunday, and every man, woman and child in town should go to church on that day, there would be ample seating capacity, and some to spare. — [Register.]

A circus is going to exhibit the

handsomest man and woman in the

world next season, and will offer \$30,000 for the pair.

We don't know where the woman may be found,

but the circus can strike the male part

of this office. Modesty forbids the mention of name. — [Sunday Argus.]

Foresighting.—Taken as a

whole, the House is organized in the

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travagance. Star Routs,

railroad schemers,

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All Wrong

This has been the warmest December within a number of years. Venor's prediction was as follows: "It looks ugly, and smacks of cold—bitter, biting cold, north and south, east and west. This cold may be somewhat proportionate to the heat of the past summer, and extend to extreme southern and western points. The entry of the month is likely to bring in winter abruptly in most seasons where winter is usually expected or experienced."

"Yes."

"Well, what is it, deary?"

"I want you to give us a rest on calling me 'dear' and 'darling' and 'sweet wife,' and such slush, or I'll give you a piece of my mind as big as a ten acre lot. How does that strike you for a Christmas present?"

"It don't cost me much," replied the good man, "but you've given me so many pieces of your mind, my darling dear, that I should think you wouldn't have any left," and Topnoody put the door between himself and Mrs. Topnoody, looking badly disengaged in her wearing apparel, and her hair like the rats had slept in it, "I wish I had never been born, or that I had died in childhood." He puffed away for a moment or two, and then added, with something like his customary cheerfulness: "Well, well, I have not altogether lived in vain; I have made a fairly good husband for Mrs. F., a woman who never could have got anybody else to marry her." — [Boston Transcript.]

ANOTHER OHIO WEDDING.—A young man named

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STANFORD, KY.

Tuesday Morning, January 3, 1882

W. P. WALTON, EDITOR

BY TELEGRAPH.

GUTEAU announces himself a candidate for President before the next National Convention. He is about as good a man as many of the aspirants, and we are for him so far, against the field. He is evidently on a boom for he had over 200 callers on Sunday, and numerous bouquets from admiring ladies (?)

BY TELEGRAPH.

Specials to the Interior Journal.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 2.—I said that Guteau's Counsel and friends do not expect an acquittal. Prisoner's brother expects him to be hung in 60 days.

Gov. Murray, of Utah, is here, out to help Campbell to get his seat as delegate, but is believed to be looking after his own official position.

A hand fight is being made against him, John D. White being among his enemies. Resolutions offered by White, concerning the report of D. K. Chase, a special agent of the Departmental Justice, sent to Kentucky once to examine the report of some officers, are believed to reflect upon Murray, while U. S. Marshal,

LOUISVILLE, Jan. 2.—New Year's day generally observed. Calling less general than last year. Charles D. Jacob entered upon third term as Mayor. Judge Jackson administered oath of office.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, Jan. 2.—Legislature met. Republicans organized both branches. O. J. Hodge, elected Speaker of House.

BARDSTOWN, Jan. 2.—Representative W. N. Beckman, died at Eryspelas. He was born in Shelly, and was a fine scholar, had been in the Legislature several terms, and was a son-in-law of Governor Wickliffe.

Call for Meeting of County Committee. The members of the Democratic County Committee are requested to meet in my office in Stanford, at 1 o'clock, P. M., Saturday, January 14th, for the purpose of eliciting the manner of and fixing the day to nominate candidates for County offices. A full attendance is urgently required.

W. G. WELCH, Chmn.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

We learn that Judge Robertson has made his peace with General Arthur, and all is hale and well around.—[N. Y. Sun.]

Four men have been killed within a radius of forty feet at Ruddle's Mill, Bourbon county—two by shooting anvils.

Philadelphia is so overrun with the social evil, that she is thinking of fixing a heavy license on keepers of houses of prostitution.

It is probable Judge Hunt, Secretary of the Navy, will resign next month, to be succeeded by Gen. Hale, Secretary Boutwell or Gen. Longstreet.

Jim Gragg, a notorious desperado, who escaped from the Somerset jail not long ago, has been captured in Missouri and returned to his old quarters.

J. G. Warren & Co.'s liabilities have been ascertained to be \$345,000, and assets \$75,000. When those Cincinnati fellows break, they go in for all that's in sight.

Different theories attribute the West Point steamship explosion to smuggled dynamite, gasoline vapor and the donkey engine. Three unrecognizable bodies have been found.

Miss Caroline May, the young lady about whom James Gordon Bennett fought a duel, was married the other day, but not to Jim. Some other fellow was the lucky or unlucky dog.

May be the reason some editors are so much opposed to the whipping-post law, is because, like Wilkins Micawber, they don't know what may "turn up" in the course of time.—[South Kentuckian.]

A change of officers in the New York Assay Office will necessitate the counting of \$35,000,000 in gold and silver. Three experts are employed to do the work, and it is said that it will require six weeks to complete it.

The committee of the Garfield Memorial Hospital has received \$450 from the Khedive of Egypt, through Conant-General Wolf, who writes that he expects to supplement this with further subscriptions to the amount of \$1,000.

Sales of postage stamps, stamped envelopes and postal cards, for the quarter ended Dec. 30, 1881, amounted to \$9,017,788.83, an increase over the corresponding quarter of the previous year of \$1,030,109.74, or 11.4 per cent.

Cleveland is ahead of all the cities in electric illumination. A mast 260 feet high has been erected in the public square, supplied with four electric lights, having an illuminating power of 40,000 candles. This will light an area half a mile in diameter.

Advice from postmasters in all sections of the country, received at the Post-office Department, show an alarming increase of small-pox in the Northwest. The disease is spreading rapidly, and several postoffices have been ordered closed in consequence.

There were 173 failures throughout the United States and Canada, reported to Bradstreet's during the past week, an increase of twenty-one over the preceding week. There was a slight decrease in the Middle and Western States, but the other sections all show an increase.

NEW YORK, Jan. 1.—There was a slight fall in wool yesterday, this being followed by much colder weather. At Petersburg, Va., ten inches of snow fell to-day, delaying trains. To-day was the coldest of the season throughout Canada. At Rothesay, N. B., the thermometer registered nine degrees below zero; at Parry Sound, eight below; at Toronto, three above, and at Montreal, three above.

Maj. A. T. Keen and Capt. Crosser returned last Monday from the Government works on Cumberland river, above Barboursville, the rise in the river having occasioned the suspension of the work.

After all of the appropriation of \$10,000,000 has been exhausted (except \$1,000,000) the work of improving the river, and the Legislature will be asked to make an additional appropriation.—[Somerset Reporter.]

Richmond is not only free of debt, but has money in her treasury.....Mr. W. F. Courts has sold his interest in the firm of Courts & Pickels, and returned to Dublin.....Madison has the most prolific cow. When two years old she gave birth to one calf, at three years old to two calves, at four years old to three calves, at five years old to one calf, and at six years old to two calves, making nine calves. They are now all alive except one, which was one of the triplets.—[Register.]

JOHN SHERMAN is now an advocate of a 3 per cent. bond. Two years ago he made Haynes veto such a bill, just because it was a Democratic measure, thereby taking millions from the Government.

PRAY THE LORD.

SPRING CITY, Ky., Jan. 2, 1882

Dear Father:

Just arrived this 12th, en route to Louisville, where we expect to begin to-night. Just a few lines, all that I have time to write, to give you the results of the Liberty meeting. I closed last night with the usual parting "Kiss of 1118 Lips"—the last meeting the best of the series; 32 confessed for the Lord, and 58 were appointed for healing. The total membership stands, 210 for the soul and 147 for the body. The Liberty meeting made up the 20,000, and 10 over—leaving us about seven weeks, to February 22, to get the converted and trusted for 21,000 in the five years evangelization since Marie joined me. PRAISE THE LORD! Considering the horrible weather, the awfully water-course, the darkness of the night, the depth of the mud and the spiritual readings that reigned, the Casey county meeting is a blessed success. Some, indeed, regard it, and for it we PRAISE THE LORD! The Liberty people treated with delicate courtesy from first to last, and according to their ability, "abounding in the riches of their liberality," for which may the dear LORD bless them forever.

We go to Louisville, weak in self, but "strong in the LORD," and in the promise of HIS might," not knowing what shall befall us there," but knowing well our Shepherd, Saviour, Friend.

Ever in Jesus, G. O. Barnes.

CASEY COUNTY.

Liberity.

—A party of six young men from about Lexington, spent several days here last week, bird hunting, and succeeded in killing quite a fine number. They were a lively crowd, and the citizens of this place will remember their sweet voices so often heard in the wee small hours of the morning.

—Married, on the 23d of Dec., C. C. Lashan to Miss Mariette Carpenter.....On the 26th, Jesse Fox to Miss Sarah T. Combe.....On the 27th, E. D. Chatman to Miss Elizabeth Meek.....On the 29th, at the residence of the bride's father, Dr. Wesley, in Middleburg, Geo. W. Drye, Jr., was married to Miss Emma Wesley. After the ceremony was over the parties went to Mr. J. D. Drye's, the father of the groom, where they were given a grand affair.

WAYNE COUNTY.

Monticello.

—Born to the wife of W. T. Francis, Esq., Friday, Dec. 30th, a daughter.

Captain T. J. Oates has again gone South with a lot of stock for the Augusta market.

—Hon. P. B. Thompson, M. C., has tendered the West Point Cadetship to Mr. J. C. Sautley, of this place.

—Mr. James Duncan and Miss Linnie Coffey were married at the residence of the bride's mother, on Thursday last, by Elder C. W. Sewell.

—Mrs. Etta V. Baker left for her home in Atlanta, Georgia, last Friday, after having spent several months with friends and relatives here.

—I shall have to pick a crow with the typographers of the INTERIOR if they don't give a little more attention to the grammar of my reports.

—Dr. H. C. Stone and family will leave in a few days for their new home in Fayetteville, Ark. We wish the Doctor abundant success in his new location.

—The farm of Samuel Ingram, deceased, lying in Elk Spring Valley, was sold at auction to-day, and was bid in by Mr. J. P. Ingram for \$5,320.50.

—Prof. Sewell is absent on a 2 weeks vacation visiting his family in Louisville. He expects to preach at this place on the 2d Lord's day in January, morning and night.

—A sale of the personal effects of Rev. Anron Harris, deceased, will take place next Friday. His farm lying on Cumberland River will be offered for rent at the same time.

—The committee of the Garfield Memorial Hospital has received \$450 from the Khedive of Egypt, through Conant-General Wolf, who writes that he expects to supplement this with further subscriptions to the amount of \$1,000.

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JOHN SHERMAN is now an advocate of a 3 per cent. bond. Two years ago he made Haynes veto such a bill, just because it was a Democratic measure, thereby taking millions from the Government.

Elders W. A. Cooper and Alex. Hopkinson will preach at the Union Church here next Sunday night and Monday morning at 11 o'clock, at which time a Baptist church will be organized at this place. There will be preaching by the above named ministers at Mr. James Vaughan's residence on Sunday morning, after which the baptism of Mr. J. W. Kirby will be attended to. Elder Campbell, of the Methodist Church, South, preached his first discourse here last Sunday night and again on Monday at 11 o'clock. His efforts showed that he was free from denominational bigotry, and all pastors were favorably impressed by the new Elder.

HORNWICH'S COMEDY COMPANY and Grand Hieroglyphics gave a very laughable and meritorious entertainment last night at the Grand Opera House. Their specimens are all first-class, and the scenery and tableau are grand.—[Reading Daily Eagle, Feb. 15th, 1881.]

J. T. CLARK, G. W. BARNES

JOHN W. KERRY

is a candidate for re-election in the office of Auditor of Rockcastle county, August election, 1882.

J. W. BROWN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Mt. Vernon, Ky.

Practices in all the Courts of Rockcastle and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals in Court-House yard.

ISAAC A. STEWART, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Mt. Vernon, Ky.

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J. T. CLARK, G. W. BARNES

CLARK & BAKER

MT. VERNON, KY.

MT. VERNON DEPARTMENT.

Sam. M. Burdett, Editor.

—The "beautiful snow" came just in time to furnish a shroud for the dead old year.

—The meeting of Elks, Sandgates and Vandals closed Friday night, with three additions—two by confession and one restored. The confessors were immersed Saturday morning.

—Messrs. Vowels & Linton is the name of a firm just formed here for the purpose of dealing in ship stocks.

—Dr. Jas. W. Grant, dentist, of Lancaster, will be at the Joplin House next Monday and remain during the first week of Court. Those wishing anything in his line should call early.

—After the installation of officers at the Masonic Lodge, Saturday night, the members adjourned, per previous arrangement, to J. E. Vowels' variety store, where, with the Kentucky Central engineers as guests, they sat down to a magnificiently supper. There were oysters and oysters, prepared in almost every way, and while there was no champagne, good humor abounded, and everybody had a good time. The New Year had arrived before the tables were deserted.

—ABOUT PEOPLE.—Miss Cleo Williams has just returned from quite a lengthy visit to friends in Madison.....Mr. J. H. Otter and wife are in Louisville.....Mr. B. H. Joplin is visiting his sister, Mrs. W. T. Brooks, in Paris.....Mr. Jas. Reynolds, of Toledo, Ohio, is visiting his mother, at this place.....Mr. James Dwyer, of Missouri, is visiting friends in this county, his old home.....Among the K. C. engineers stationed here is Mr. Ben R. Turner, a son of Hon. Tom Turner, late Congressman from this district.

—ABOUT PEOPLE.—Miss Cleo Williams has just returned from quite a lengthy visit to friends in Madison.....Mr. J. H. Otter and wife are in Louisville.....Mr. B. H. Joplin is visiting his sister, Mrs. W. T. Brooks, in Paris.....Mr. Jas. Reynolds, of Toledo, Ohio, is visiting his mother, at this place.....Mr. James Dwyer, of Missouri, is visiting friends in this county, his old home.....Among the K. C. engineers stationed here is Mr. Ben R. Turner, a son of Hon. Tom Turner, late Congressman from this district.

—The holidays are ended, and nobody was killed in Rockcastle. There were very few disturbances reported and they amounted to nothing. Verily, we are becoming a peaceful people. Truly for us!

—MARRIED.—On the evening of the 26th inst., at the residence of the bride's father, by Elder James Hatt, Mr. Jessie Fish, Jr., was married to Miss Hattie, daughter of Mr. W. M. Fish, our Circuit Clerk. The groom is a son of Mr. A. T. Fish, one of our most prominent citizens, and is a popular young gentleman. The bride is a sweet, winsome young lady, a distant relation of the groom. May they be just as happy as their wedded life is long, is the wish of all their friends.

—Mother Shipton was certainly not correctly reported. May be she said 1891. Or, it may be that since her prophecy was made, there has been a postponement in the winding up of affairs in order that Guteau may be hung.

—WILLARD HOTEL LOTTERY DRAWING.

14th February, 1882.

OR MONEY REFUNDED!

LOUISVILLE, KY.: November 10, 1881.

Resolved, That the Board of Commissioners consent to a postponement of the Drawing of the Willard Hotel Lottery, originally set for February, 1882, and that they will out consent to say further postponement of the same.

—BOSTON, MASS.—Chairman.

By the above resolution, too drawing must and will be held on the day fixed, or money distributed back to ticket-holders.

If enough tickets are sold before date fixed, the drawing will be held and notice of same will be given through the papers.

—AMERICAN.

White tickets, \$1; halves, \$1; quarters, \$2. Red

millions, \$10. Blue, \$100. Green, \$1,000.

Two Cash Prizes, each \$1,000.....10,000

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

LEXINGTON, KY.

Tuesday Morning, January 3, 1882

L. & N. TIME CARD.

Passenger Train to Louisville.....12 D.P.M.
Passenger Train to Richmond's Lexington.....200 P.M.

LOCAL NOTICES.

FRESH CAN of Lime and Cement at A. Owsley's

New and full stock of Clerks at Penny & McAlister's.

HAMILTON STEEL PLUMS always on hand at A. Owsley's.

BIG STOCK of Champion Bark Wire on hand at A. Owsley's.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. JOHN J. McROBERTS, who has been quite ill, is recovering.

Mrs. FRANCIS WALTON, of Centre College, was here a few days ago.

DAVID HUFF, of the West End, is lying ill with the typhoid fever.

MR. HENRY REED has returned to the Medical College at Philadelphia.

All the visiting girls have returned to their homes, and the boys are out.

MR. T. M. JOHNSON, Sr., of Lancaster, has moved with his family to Stanford.

Mrs. JENNIE BUCHANAN, of Crab Orchard, was a guest of Miss Eliza Harris.

Mrs. BELLE LIVINGSTON, of Kansas, is back on a visit to her friends in Kentucky.

W. L. COLLIER, of Dalton City, Ill., is visiting his brother, Moses Collier, at Gilbert's Creek.

SENATOR ROBERT BLAIN was here yesterday, looking as sleek and happy as the night are long.

LOCAL MATTERS.

EAT at Hale & Nunnelley's.

RINK next Friday night as usual.

FRESH boiled meat at McAlister & Bright's.

Gro. A. WEAKEN has a Fresh Milk Cow for Sale. Price, \$40.

BIG STOCK New Orleans cigar just received at Hale & Nunnelley's.

JOHN MURPHY has bought of Jim Lynn, his half interest in Lynn & Marth's store at Halls Gap.

This is settling time. Turn over a new leaf and pay your debts. You'll feel better next Christmas than you ever did before.

The Dixie Advertiser came galloping into town Saturday. By the way, Brother Maris, can't we combine against the infernal nivil agents and make them do better?

A REWARD of \$25 is offered by Mr. J. D. Brady for the conviction of the thief who broke into his store at Richmond Junction and stole therefrom some \$50 or \$100 worth of goods. See ad.

TWO negroes charged with stealing corn from P. V. Gentry were acquitted of that charge, but one of them was fined \$8 for whipping the boy who told Mr. Gentry that they were the guilty parties.

MR. WILLIAM COOLEY, a hard working, clever and honorable gentleman, is announced as a candidate for Jailer. He would make a good officer, and his host of friends would like to see him given a chance.

MR. JOHN BLAIN announces himself as a candidate for re-election. He is the best Clerk in the State, and it is just as sure that he will be his own successor as the day of election comes. Every body is for him.

MR. JOHN L. BALL, of the Waynesburg precinct, is a candidate for Assessor, subject to the will of the Democracy. Mr. Ball is a good Democrat, a clever gentleman, and a capable man, and will receive a handsome support.

JUDGE J. M. PHILLIPS has yielded to the wishes of many friends and announced himself a candidate for County Attorney. Judge Phillips is well versed in the law, and would fill the responsible office with great credit to himself and to the county.

FOR JAILER.—Mr. Samuel Engleman, a sound Democrat, and a clever gentleman, is announced as a candidate for Jailer. He comes of a family of Democrats whose faithful service in the ranks, entitles them to some recognition at the hands of the party.

MISS LULA O. SUTHERLAND asks us to thank the ladies of the Christian Church for a timely donation of useful and necessary articles. She also asks an interest in their prayers, to the end that she may bear her misfortunes and afflictions with patience and resignation.

FOR ASSessor.—Mr. Jack S. Bosley, offers himself to the Democracy of Lincoln as a candidate for Assessor. His excellent qualification for the office, together with his extensive acquaintance makes him a very formidable candidate, and his friends say they are going to elect him.

We sent our mail to the Junction by freight Friday morning, so as to have it there, to go on the Southbound train on the C. S. R. R., but the "sunrise" agent refused to take it. In consequence of this little piece of meanness our subscribers along the road were kept out of their papers till Saturday.

THE Central Kentucky Medical Association will meet next in Danville, on the 3d Wednesday in January. The opening paper will be read by Dr. G. Lafayette Dunlap, of the "National Board of Health and its Work." The annual election of officers, also, will be held at this time. Steve Baily, Sec'y.

DEAD.—The little girl, Blanche Weisinger, whose accidental shooting by Fannie Muir, was reported in the telegraph column of the last issue, died several hours later. Both the girls are relatives of Mrs. S. S. McRoberts, of this place, the one a grand-niece and the other a niece. It is indeed a sad occurrence, and may lead to the blighting of another life.

THE best cigars in town at Hale & Nunnelley's. Two for five cents.

CALL and get a can of Saddle Rock oysters at Hale & Nunnelley's.

ALL indebted to Hale & Nunnelley are hereby notified to call and settle at once. This means all.

THE change in the management of the St. Asaph will not effect the Bar. Mr. J. D. Price will continue to run it.

LINCOLN MILLS are now complete, and will grind for customers every day this week, in large or small quantities. Mr. Allister, Mattingly & Co.

BOATMAN CHANGES.—Mr. Green M. Nunnelley has taken charge of the Commercial Hotel, and Mr. John Dinwiddie of the St. Asaph Hotel.

PLEASE do not try to jay us on the price of the paper. We have established one as low as it can be published for, and will make no reduction for anybody.

MONEY was more in demand yesterday than for a long time, and many loans were made as high as eight per cent. The Bankers were shorter than usual and could not fill the demand.

LACKEY.—At the residence of his father-in-law, Mr. Malcolm Miller, in Madison county, Sunday night, Mr. S. C. Lackey, brother of Mrs. John J. McRoberts, of this place.

THE first snow of consequence fell Friday morning, and it has annoyed several times since, altogether, but not much over an inch in depth. Yannan, Tire and others who prophesied that the last of December would be very cold, only got by the skin of their teeth. The thermometer was down to 22°.

A BRANT.—The Sheriff was called to the Highland neighborhood the other day, to arrest one Joshua Mullins, who was charged with beating his wife and tearing nearly every stitch of clothes from her person, and cutting with intent to kill his sister-in-law, Catherine Smith. The scamp had lit out, however, a very wise act if he wished to escape the most condign punishment.

HOWORTH'S HIBERNIA TOUR, which is to appear at the Stanford Opera House next Monday night, 9th, comes to us warmly endorsed as a mirth-provoking party of specialists of decided ability. Besides a comedy, they give a variety performance, which includes character acting, unclad scenes, song and dancing. They also give panoramic views of a large number of noted places in Ireland, which is alone said to be with the pride of adulation. A large audience will no doubt greet them.

THE COUNTY COURT.—Yesterday was the regular day for receiving the delinquent list from the Sheriff, and the Court was therefore composed of all the Magistrates. Sheriff Menecet presented a list of 529 names; 328 of whom are white, and 21 colored. A year ago Mr. Baughman reported 615 delinquents, which were allowed with the exception of 11. The Court accepted Mr. Menecet's return with but a single exception, which shows that he has the entire confidence of the Court. He has done better than any Sheriff for years, and deserves a vote of thanks from the people. The Court might have adjourned yesterday, but Mr. Miller was soon hit up turnpike arrears that he wanted to be heard on, and therefore he asked that it continue over to-day.

C. C. W.—William Lair, claiming that he is all the way from Texas, filled his hide with big juice Friday, and then put on his war paint. The little pistol that was snugly hid about his person was drawn from his hiding place in the presence of several witnesses, and fired three times in rapid succession on the street. Before he had time to see whether he was much of a marksman, the Marshal grabbed him and soon had him before an examining Court which held him for carrying concealed weapons. He was then marched before the final Court, and in a remarkable short space of time was mulcted to the tune of \$25 and given ten days in jail. Mr. Lair no doubt forgot where he was, and imagined himself sporting with the festive cow boy, but alas, for him he was not.

THE TOURNAMENT.—Another immense crowd was present at the Rink Friday night, to witness the contests for the prizes, and the excitement it caused could not have been exceeded even by a horse race.

The gentlemen contested first, and a five-dollar gold piece was to be given to the one taking the greatest number of rings with a lance and making the beat time in three circuits of the hall. Will Penny sold first in the pools—that is, he would have, had there been any—and McDaniel Wearen second. Jim Seaverance was first to enter the ring. Filled with excitement, halberding on to fight, which was not helped by the deafening cheer, he seized the lance and after galloping around a few times, got the signal to start. One, two, three rings were taken, and he was doing his level best to beat even Mand's time, when—Jehoashah!—his feet flew from under him, and he sat down. He was finally prevailed on to get up, and was led, limping, back to the grand stand, amid much laughter. McDaniel Wearen, a trim little thoroughbred, was next brought out. He was somewhat shy of the crowd, but he got a level start, took all six of the rings, and made the three rounds in 27 seconds, while the audience fairly yelled with delight. This made him the favorite, and bets (or "lays") were three to one on his chances. Charley Carson, an unbroken colt, shied badly at first, but got down to his work and came flying by the stand with four rings and a record of 28 seconds. Henry Gentry, a well-fed, slick-looking Boyle county pony, cantered into the ring with the confidence of an old stag. Pools went up in his favor until he missed the first ring, then they began to fall, and so did he, until he was fairly on his hands and knees. Uproumous laughter greeted his peculiar position, but by a determined effort he regained his footing, and came in with three rings in

34 seconds. Tom Johnston, a fleet, but very uncertain footed steed, now pranced up to the stand, and at the top of the drum got down to work. Only three rings rewarded his efforts, and his time was belittled at 30 seconds. The most remarkable part of this performance was that he did not fall a single time, but maintained his perpendicular longer than was ever known before. Will Penny, but a long-legged, but good-humored racer, was next to enter, and excitement grew to fever heat. He shot around, taking five rings, and completed his task in 29 seconds. He could easily have gotten the other ring, but for nervous fright. J. W. Eggleton, a spirited country colt, got five rings and made the fly in 27 seconds. Henry Bright, one of the entries, for some reason, did not start, but instead, sent a nice little Mexican pony, who took five rings and made a record of 27 seconds. George Bruce, a well-trained and well-handled, but some what aged steed, disappointed his friends and riled his backers by falling below their high estimate. He scored five rings and 29 seconds. The height of the pony was reached when Bob McAllister came leaping into the ring. Everybody thought that his legs would run off with him, and sure enough they did, and he came to the floor with a vengeance. He tried to make it by rolling over and over, but he was rolled off the track and given no score. Robert Fenzel, an imported horse, was the last to appear. He made it in 28 seconds, but got only three rings, and his backers will send him back to Germany for retraining. Mr. J. S. Hocker, who, with Capt. Welsh and J. S. Grimes were the judges, then announced the records and awarded the stake, a five dollar gold piece, to McDaniel Wearen. He was the youngest of the contestants, and from the first had the sympathy of the crowd. A handsome pair of bracelets was offered to the swiftest young lady skater, but there was much persuasion necessary, and considerable delay, before any of them started. Little Beside Richards went it alone, and made three circuits in 27 seconds. Miss Emma Neufley chose McDaniel Wearen to skate with, and her time was also recorded at 27 seconds. Miss Julia Carter, skating alone, made it in 29 seconds, and Miss Laura Engleman, with Mr. Walter Owsley, in 27 seconds. Miss Wade Beasley, escorted by Mr. W. H. Hocker, did it in 29, and Miss Daisy Burnside with Will Penny, in 28. This closed the contest, and the award was announced by Col. Welsh. Miss Engleman's time being 1/2 second shorter than anybody's, she was declared the winner, while storms of applause shook the house. For grace, speed and skill, she cannot be beaten, and the many congratulations she received showed how proud her friends were of her victory. The evening was a most enjoyable one, and everything passed off in a most creditable manner.

THE supper given by the ladies Christy and Aid Society was a most unqualified success in every way. The handsomely decorated room, the beautifully dressed tables and the excellently prepared edibles all combined to show that this Society can not be excelled in such matters. We have always understood that Stanford's peculiar boast was the possession of fast young men. Now comes the rumour that she rejoices in fast young ladies too—on skates, we mean.

Brown's Dick says his pulse are more sonorous since he found that the predictions about the world going up like a balloon in '81, was all a canary—and then he resumed his occupation of drawing a design for his tulip rosin.

George W. Drye, Jr., and Miss Emma Wesley, were married at Middleburg, on the afternoon of Thursday, the 29th ult. A merry party was elegantly entertained at Mr. J. J. Drue's in the evening. Thanks for invitation. Sorry I was unable to attend.

We have heard a great cry for bread in consequence of our mill having been for some weeks closed for repairs. Bishop says he will be able to come to the front about the last of this week with his mill thoroughly overhauled, improved, and modernized. "Roll swiftly on ye"—will wheel.

The reason the writer does not get off a rhapody over the many evidences of kindly remembrance that have reached him within the last few weeks, lies in the fact that the list of ladies' names would be too long for insertion in this paper. Permit him then, ladies, simply these, however, were not disappointed for Church oyster soup is powerfully thin, and the Reformers especially believe in a great deal of water. But hold, we do not want to get another row on our hands, those Prebyterian women are still vowed vengeance against us. Among the young ladies who attended the tables were Misses Lyle, Lucy Moberly, Jennie Moberly, Lizzie Beasley, Mollie and Alice Beasley, Luella Ramsey, Bettie Pennington and Mary Varmon. The latter presided over a Bazaar, the larger number of articles of which were made by her own hands. The entire proceeds of the affair amounted to \$231.30, and the ladies are greatly elated, for no other supper ever realized so much.

MARRIAGES.

Henderson Baugh yesterday obtained license to marry Miss Lizzie Cash, on the 4th inst.

Mr. J. H. Dunn, of Garrard, got license yesterday to marry Miss Mary C. Gooch, at Rush Branch Church, on the 10th. He was fearful, no doubt, that the Clerk might die and disarrange his calculations. Hence his haste to get the papers.

Mr. Charles T. Hyde, of Louisville, Ky., and Miss Nellie E. White, of Florence, Ky., were united in marriage, this morning, by Rev. Dr. Charles Taylor, at the residence of Mr. A. Stratbridge, 1047 Scott street. The bride and groom will reside in Stanford, Ky., where Mr. Hyde was lately engaged in business. We wish them success through life.—(Covington Commonwealth.)

DEATHS.

SCOTT.—Last Friday night, of a general giving away of the vital forces, at his home, in the Gilbert's Creek neighborhood, John Scott, aged 81. He had been a member of the Christian Church for years, and was much liked by his acquaintances.

RELIGIOUS.

Rev. A. J. Tribble, of Madison, will preach at Logan Creek on the 2d Saturday and 3d Sunday in this month.

LAND, STOCK AND CROP.

—John M. Hall, sold to Allen & Co., 8 head of 3-year-old cattle, at \$33.

—E. P. Gaines, of Scott, sold Col. Baldwin 45 extra yearling mulets, \$83 per head.

—W. P. Tate sold to R. B. King 232 acres of land near Moreland Station, this county, for \$8,125.40.

—Moore, W. E. Pullen & Brother slaughtered their bear last week, and were kind enough to send us a steer from the same. The animal was about sixteen months old, and weighed when killed 158 pounds—net 105 pounds.—(Georgetown Times.)

Judge M. C. Sunbury, as Special Commissioner, sold the Bright place of 182 acres yesterday, to John Bright, at \$10.75. The land lies on the Danville pike, 14 miles from Stanford. The place was rented for the ensuing year for \$500 by Mr. Bright, who receives the benefit of it. Judge Sunbury also sold 100 acres of knob land near Hale's mill, at \$6.50 per acre, to James Givens.

COURT.—Yesterday was a cold, cloudy disagreeable day, and a much smaller crowd than usual were in attendance, consequently business of all kinds was dull. There were about 150 arrests offered, a good number of which were withdrawn. Capt. J. M. Higgins, auctioneer, reports the sale of ten yearling mules at \$5 per head, and 96 sheep at \$2 per head. Col. H. T. Bush.—There was little demand for cattle, and sales were slow at 2½ to 3 cents per pound for Mountain Scrub. A bunch of fair yearlings about 700 lb. weight, were bid to \$26.25 and withdrawn. No horses offered.

MASTER COMMISSIONER, W. G. Welch, sold the following real estate yesterday: House and lot in Hustonville, belonging to Mrs. Ann J. Williams to J. W. Alcorn, for \$75, and another house and lot in same place, to Dr. S. G. Hocker, for \$720. He also sold 100 acres of the Gooch land, lying near Kings Mountain, to Eld. W. T. Corn, for \$400; 64 acres Knob land of Welch Skidmore to Craig Skidmore, for \$39, and 41 acres belonging to Logan Hickman, on Dix River, to Col. T. P. Hill, for \$500.

HOWORTH'S GRAND HIBERNIA.—This entertainment, which has exhibited in our city the past two evenings, has drawn the largest houses of the season, and better satisfied audiences than were present on these occasions have seldom left the Academy of Music. We have no hesitation in saying this is the best show of the kind, both in talent of the company and quality of scenery, that has ever visited Stanford.—(Scranton Republican, Feb. 19th, 1879.)

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

JOHN BLAIN

Is a candidate for COUNTY CLERK, subject to my action of the Democracy.

JOHN L. BALL

Is a candidate for COUNTY ASSESSOR, subject to the will of the Democracy.

JUDGE J. M. PHILIPS

Is a candidate for COUNTY ATTORNEY, subject to the will of the Democracy.

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal
STANFORD, KY.
Tuesday Morning, January 3, 1882

A NEW YEAR'S CALL.

"I should like so much to spend New Year's day in the city," said Myrtle Follett.

Grandma Follett looked wisely over the edge of her silver-bordered spectacles.

"Good land! what for?" said she. "New Year's Day is New Year's Day just the same on Cedar Mountain as it is in New York, ain't it? Sunrise, mid-day, and sunset. The Lord hasn't made no difference in one place or other, as I know of."

"Oh, but, grandma, my cousins receive company on New Year's Day," said Myrtle. "They light the gas, and decorate the house with flowers, and set a table with coffee, and oysters, and frosted cake, and lobster salad, and all sorts of nice things, and the girls are dressed their best, and—"

"Well, said Grandma Follett, "what's to prevent you from dressing up in your peach-colored merino, and having coffee and cold chicken? For Bruce Garland and his mother are comin' over from Garland Farm in the red sleigh, and I guess there won't be no city beau better lookin' than our Bruce."

"Your Bruce, grandma, if you like," said Myrtle, with a toss of her pretty head, "but not me."

"He is yours, too," said grandma. "Every inch of him! Bless your soul, my dear, hant you found out that he loves you better'n the whole world besides?"

"That's all nonsense," said Myrtle, dimpling all over. "As if I were going to marry a farmer's son, and settle down on this bleak mountain side when there's a whole city full to choose from. No, indeed, grandma. No girl ought to make up her mind until she has seen a little of the world. And I'll tell you what," Myrtle added, "I've made up my mind to spend New Year's Day with Aunt Louise and the girls."

"But they hant invited you," cried Grandma Follett, with a puzzled look on her placid old face.

"Not specially for that day, I know," acknowledged Myrtle. "But Aunt Louise has been here every summer for ten years—and Eleanor has alway said that I must look upon their house as my second home. Of course they'll be glad to see me!"

Grandma Follett, having seen rather more of city relations than innocent Myrtle, was not by any means as certain of this, but she held her peace.

"But what am I to tell Bruce?" said she.

"Tell him?" Myrtle repeated. "Why, tell him that I've gone to the city. Isn't that enough? I'm sure it matters very little to me what you tell him."

"Ab, Myrtle, take care!" said the old lady, shaking her head with a mild, regretful look.

"Bruce Garland has a heart of gold!"

"As if his heart were anything to me," said Myrtle, saucily.

So when the soft, white snow of New Year's Day wrapped all the world in a mantle of emine which no royal robe could rival, Myrtle Follett stepped into the morning train and took her ticket to New York.

"Oh, I shall enjoy it so much," said Myrtle to herself.

The Misses Eleanor and Louise Emerson had attired themselves superbly for this festal day. Their dresses were of blue silk, so pale a color that they looked almost like dirty white; their hair was frizzled and curled and banded and crimped, and puffed up and boudined down until it reminded the beholder of nothing on earth but a barber's block. Their complexions were touched up with rouge and their eyelids shaded by belladonna, and their gloves reached nearly to the elbows, and really standing well away from the gaslight, they looked almost pretty, even if the glow and bloom of fresh youth were lacking in some degree!

The trim servant maid in the white cap and frilled apron, who opened the door, stared hard at the rosy-cheeked young lady who stood there, with the lurs wrapped around her, and the tiny traveling bag in her hand.

"A lady," said Priscilla to herself. "And on New Year's Day! Oh my!"

"Are the Misses Emerson at home?" said Myrtle, a little timidly.

"Oh, yes, Miss," said Priscilla, feeling to see if the cap were settled straight on her head, "they're at home. But they're receivin'."

"I will come in please," said Myrtle, with dignity. "I am their cousin, from Cedar Mountain, in Connecticut."

Priscilla showed her into a little back room where the coffee was being

made, and there was a reserve pile of sandwiches, and the smaret dish in which the lobster salad had been mixed. There was no fire there, except the sickly flame in the alcohol lamp, and everything looked lorn and shabby as possible. As Myrtle sat shivering down on the one chair from which she was obliged to remove a heap of China towels before she could use it, she heard Priscilla's voice in the parlors beyond, whose door of communication was still concealed by a modern drapery of crimson damask, hung on sliding gilt rings.

"It's your cousin Miss Eleanor and Miss Louise," said she. "A young lady from Cedar Mountain."

"Good gracious!" cried Eleanor, "that girl!"

"What on earth can possibly have brought her just now of all times in the world!" exclaimed Louise.

"What shall we do, mamma?" said Eleanor, piteously.

"Do!" sharply retorted Mrs. Emerson, who was in black velvet and imitation diamonds. "Why, make the best of it, of course. If a girl will!"

But here Myrtle, who felt with a sort of pang that there was something dishonorable in listening to this conversation, which was so evidently not intended for her ears, drew aside the crimson damask folds and presented herself, with deepdyleyed cheeks and sparkling eyes.

"Aunt Louise," said she, "it is I! And if I had supposed for moment that my visit would be inconvenient—"

"Oh, my dear, don't think of such a thing!" cried Mrs. Emerson, muniting her face in artificial smiles. Girls, come here and kiss our dear Matilda—Matilda—how very awkward of me to forget your name!"

"Myrtle," said the girl, coloring deeper than ever. Eleanor and Louise kissed her effusively, but had scarcely time to lip out their congratulations when a party of perfumed, white-kidded exquisites were ushered in by the smiling Priscilla. Mrs. Emerson looked embarrassed.

"Come up stairs my dear," said she; "I will give you a cup of tea in your own room. Of course you won't care for the bustle and confusion in the parlor on such a day as this."

And poor Myrtle, who had come expressly to share the delights of her cousins' New Year's reception, was led off into the upper part of the house scarcely able to repress her tears of mortification and embarrassment.

The room was chill and uncomfortable and Mrs. Emerson after entreating Myrtle to make herself perfectly at home, and promising to send her a cup of tea in a few minutes, slipped away—and there the poor girl sat, shivering, faint and unrefreshed.

"I wonder where Aunt Louise can have gone," she said to herself, at last in very desperation. She went out and looked over the head of the staircase. There, in the hall below, was a stream of chattering, bowing, gesticulating young men—to Myrtle's unaccustomed eyes they looked more like over-dressed monkeys than anything else—and Louise and Eleanor were in the parlor doorway.

"You don't say!" cried onk, evidently in response to some word of the girls' words. "A genuine country cousin! Eh?"

"Talks through her nose!" said another. "Wears a poke bonnet and a pink calico gown! Do let us look at the girls!"

The only safe and immediate remedy within the reach of a non-professional in case of poisoning by prussic acid is to pour a stream of cold water, from an elevation, upon the head and spine of the patient.

Numbers of our native birds are being exported to Europe. We can well spare some of them, and will thank our neighbors to take back their English sparrows.

But Myrtle stayed to hear no more. Hurrying back to the room she had just quitted, she tied on her hat, folded the little fur-lined sacque in which she had taken so innocent a pride, about her, and catching up her traveling-bag, quitted the house. Priscilla alone saw her go out, but Priscilla did not interfere.

"Country folks has queer notions," said Priscilla to herself. "And perhaps she is going to take a walk."

On the way she met the express wagon with her trunk. It was but a moment's work to countermand her directions, and in half an hour she was speeding through the glittering expanse of the winter landscape on her way home.

"A lady," said Priscilla to herself. "And on New Year's Day! Oh my!"

"Are the Misses Emerson at home?" said Myrtle, a little timidly.

"Oh, yes, Miss," said Priscilla, feeling to see if the cap were settled straight on her head, "they're at home. But they're receivin'."

But Myrtle hurried in just as the words were trembling on bis lips.

"She does care for you, Bruce Oh, Bruce, she loves and honors you more than she can tell!" cried Myrtle, flinging herself upon his breast. "Keep me here, Bruce. Oh, never let me go from you again! For I've had enough of city people and city ways."

And then she told he day's adventure.

"Louise Emerson never had any baby," said Grandma Follett, indignantly. "And those two gals of hers are just painted wax dolls."

So Myrtle Follett was cured of her mania for city life. And that New Year's call was the means of settling her snugly in Garland Farm for good and all.

Mrs. Emerson wrote a long letter of six-syllablic apologetis, which was not answered. And the family of New York cousins was never invited to Cedar Mountain again.

The bonfire built on Christmas eve by some of the Pennsylvanians of Berks county, was one of the strangest ever known. At Heyl's Tavern the farmers of the neighborhood assembled, and, after a meeting in which many told of their dealings with worthless insurance companies, a bushel basketful of insurance policies was collected from the crowd. These documents were tied to a pole and carried about at the head of a procession, with music by a cornet band; and then a young woman applied a torch to the policies, which had previously been soaked in coal oil. Papers nominally securing \$150,000, but really worth only about their weight for the pulp mill, blazed in the air, while the heaviest loser started a merry-go-round dance about the pole. There was philosophy in thus getting fun out of what would never yield money. Another advantage of the queer ceremony was the public attention it called to the swindles sometimes perpetrated under the name of insurance.

STONEWALL JACKSON'S DAUGHTER AT A BALL.—The ball room of the Kimball House was last evening devoted to an ovation to the lovely daughter of one of the grandest men of all history. The most significant in the course of the compliment ball tendered to Miss Julie Jackson, the daughter of Stonewall Jackson, was that not a State in the Union was unrepresented among those who came freely to offer her their tributes of esteem and reverence for the valor and memory of her illustrious father. Miss Jackson is a most charming young lady, and truly the daughter of the South.—[Atlanta Constitution.]

"Myrtle," said the girl, coloring deeper than ever. Eleanor and Louise kissed her effusively, but had scarcely time to lip out their congratulations when a party of perfumed, white-kidded exquisites were ushered in by the smiling Priscilla. Mrs. Emerson looked embarrassed.

"Come up stairs my dear," said she; "I will give you a cup of tea in your own room. Of course you won't care for the bustle and confusion in the parlor on such a day as this."

And poor Myrtle, who had come expressly to share the delights of her cousins' New Year's reception, was led off into the upper part of the house scarcely able to repress her tears of mortification and embarrassment.

The room was chill and uncomfortable and Mrs. Emerson after entreating Myrtle to make herself perfectly at home, and promising to send her a cup of tea in a few minutes, slipped away—and there the poor girl sat, shivering, faint and unrefreshed.

"I wonder where Aunt Louise can have gone," she said to herself, at last in very desperation. She went out and looked over the head of the staircase.

There, in the hall below, was a stream of chattering, bowing, gesticulating young men—to Myrtle's unaccustomed eyes they looked more like over-dressed monkeys than anything else—and Louise and Eleanor were in the parlor doorway.

"You don't say!" cried onk, evidently in response to some word of the girls' words. "A genuine country cousin! Eh?"

"Talks through her nose!" said another. "Wears a poke bonnet and a pink calico gown! Do let us look at the girls!"

The only safe and immediate remedy within the reach of a non-professional in case of poisoning by prussic acid is to pour a stream of cold water, from an elevation, upon the head and spine of the patient.

But Myrtle stayed to hear no more. Hurrying back to the room she had just quitted, she tied on her hat, folded the little fur-lined sacque in which she had taken so innocent a pride, about her, and catching up her traveling-bag, quitted the house. Priscilla alone saw her go out, but Priscilla did not interfere.

"Country folks has queer notions," said Priscilla to herself. "And perhaps she is going to take a walk."

On the way she met the express wagon with her trunk. It was but a moment's work to countermand her directions, and in half an hour she was speeding through the glittering expanse of the winter landscape on her way home.

"A lady," said Priscilla to herself. "And on New Year's Day! Oh my!"

"Are the Misses Emerson at home?" said Myrtle, a little timidly.

"Oh, yes, Miss," said Priscilla, feeling to see if the cap were settled straight on her head, "they're at home. But they're receivin'."

But Myrtle hurried in just as the words were trembling on bis lips.

"Louise, she loves and honors you more than she can tell!" cried Myrtle, flinging herself upon his breast. "Keep me here, Bruce. Oh, never let me go from you again! For I've had enough of city people and city ways."

And then she told he day's adventure.

"Louise Emerson never had any baby," said Grandma Follett, indignantly. "And those two gals of hers are just painted wax dolls."

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"I will come in please," said Myrtle, with dignity. "I am their cousin, from Cedar Mountain, in Connecticut."

But Myrtle hurried in just as the words were trembling on bis lips.

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